

CHICAGO GOES WILD OVER BRYAN'S ARRIVAL.

The Democratic Nominee Is Given an Ovation Unparalleled in the City's History--He Has to Push His Way Through Masses of Humanity.

It Took Him One Hour to Get to His Hotel, Five Blocks Away from the Depot.

The Trip Across Iowa and Illinois One Continuous Speechmaking.

CHICAGO, Aug. 8.—William Jennings Bryan arrived in Chicago to-night, completing the second stage of his journey to New York. When the train reached Chicago it seemed as if the entire population of this tremendous city had formed a conspiracy to allow nobody to leave the train until they had seen Mr. Bryan. The moment the train drew into the depot it was surrounded by a crowd so dense, so great and so compactly jammed on every side of every car that for nearly an hour it was impossible for any human being on that train to get out of the depot.

There was a coach with four horses, thousands of men with horns, a dozen bands, calcium lights and impenetrable masses of people stretching here, there, everywhere, like one solid block of living flesh.

Through this mass, inch by inch, Mr. Bryan was carried, and all the pent up of the multitude were let forth in a discordant, ear-splitting din.

Mr. Bryan's ride through the streets was a triumphal march. It seemed as if all Chicago had turned out to greet him.

State street, the widest downtown thoroughfare, was filled from wall to wall with a wild, cheering crowd. Cable cars stopped running and private vehicles took the side streets. So dense was the crowd that Mr. Bryan's carriage was forced to halt many times. Enthusiastic citizens improved this opportunity to shake hands with the candidate, and everybody cheered so long and so loud and with so much energy that the windows rattled.

Never was there such enthusiasm shown and such a vigorous demonstration made in this city.

It took an hour for Mr. Bryan to reach his hotel, five blocks from the starting point.

Mr. Bryan made a speech from the balcony of the hotel to a crowd so large that it couldn't be counted. Every sentence was cheered, and when the candidate concluded shouts went up for him to continue.

With thousands of men all around and

in the hotel shouting "Bryan! Bryan!" the candidate went to bed.

A MEMORABLE TRIP.

At More Than Fifty Stations Crowds Awaited Bryan.

Chicago, Aug. 8.—The trip from Des Moines to Chicago took nearly thirteen hours. The train stopped at over fifty stations, and at every station a mass of people had been waiting for hours to catch a glimpse of Mr. Bryan.

The day was stilling hot. Mr. Bryan made something like twenty-five speeches of more or less brevity. The enthusiasm was boundless. There were incidents with out end, and when the lights of Chicago began to twinkle along the horizon every member of the party heaved a great sigh of relief.

Mr. Bryan's hearers to-day were mostly farmers. Ninety-nine per cent of them came out in their shirt sleeves, without collars, and, in some cases, without shirts. In every crowd there was a politician or two who looked very knowingly and seemed to have the entire weight of the campaign on his shoulders. Then there were the leading merchant, the representative citizen, the editor who introduced Mr. Bryan, the editor of the local Democratic newspaper, and all the railroad employees who could leave their work. Add to all this a sprinkling of storekeepers, a few veterans of the war who had always voted the Republican ticket before, but who now wanted to assure Mr. Bryan of their support, and a hundred men who answered no particular description, and you have an idea of the proportion of various characters that composed the crowds that came out to see William J. Bryan.

Crowd Broke Into the Car.

The trip began at Des Moines at 7 in the morning, when all the town was still yawning. General Weaver, who placed Mr. Bryan's name in nomination at the St. Louis Convention, accompanied him from the hotel and remained at his side as far as Colfax, his home. Mr. and Mrs. Bryan secured a Pullman stateroom and at every station the crowd broke its way into the car, upsetting everything and jostling the lawful passengers right and left in their eagerness to shake hands with the candidate.

At Mitchellville, where the first stop was made, nearly five hundred people, the entire population of the place, were gathered at the station when the train arrived. "Speech!" "Speech!" they cried. Mr. Bryan stepped forward and, with his arm upraised, began: "Ladies and gentlemen, it affords me no little pleasure"—At that moment the train started and with his arm still upraised Mr. Bryan was carried out of hearing.

"That engineer has no regard for the rules of grammar," said General Weaver, "for he wouldn't have broken that sentence in the middle." "It isn't that," rejoined Mr. Bryan, wrinkling his brow and trying to suppress a smile. "He's a goldbug."

At Colfax, General Weaver's home, the train came to a standstill within an amphitheatre of clay cliffs lined up on every side with human beings. They shouted and they screamed. As they did that at every station, it might not be amiss to describe the yelling of this crowd with greater detail. It began with a spontaneous and prolonged "Rah-h-h-h-h!" Then came a hundred separate cries of "Bryan! Bryan! Where's Bryan?"

Bryan Ahead of Silver.

When Mr. Bryan appeared there burst out a yell that defied description, and when that abated some one proposed three cheers, that were given in proper order. A band began to play, and in a moment the train was drowned by another yell that carried all other sounds before it. Just then the train moved on to a water tank a hundred feet beyond the depot, and in a twinkling the crowd had left their places and were running down the track to hear the candidate speak. Then, just as he opened his mouth, some one cried "Hurrah for the next President!" and when the long shout that followed this was over it all began anew. That was the way the crowds all along the line shouted when Mr. Bryan arrived, the intensity varying only with the size of the gathering.

The enthusiastic noise was always over the presence of Mr. Bryan himself, particularly when he first appeared upon the platform. Silver took second place, and the applause occasioned by every reference to free coinage lacked in volume only a trifle that given to the candidate. After silver came Mrs. Bryan—an uncomplimentary order, to be sure, but so it was. The women all wanted to see Mrs. Bryan and shake hands with her, and many brought her roses and sweet peas, until her stateroom looked like a garden of flowers.

It was Mr. Bryan's intention to say a few words at every stopping place, but at many places he caught the enthusiasm of the crowd and let himself be carried into longer and warmer speeches than he had planned. In but few instances did he repeat his remarks. Those to whom he spoke could not, of course, realize his versatility, but the impression that each speech made upon its hearers was that the speaker was sincere, and that his words were uttered to them and for them, and were not the repetition of a stereotyped address prepared for every station along the line.

An Ordal of Handshaking.

The work of speechmaking and the handshaking that invariably followed it were very fatiguing, but Mr. Bryan stood it as though he were made of iron. During this day he displayed a physical strength that surprised even himself. "Will," said his wife, late in the afternoon, "I never knew you to work so hard and bear up so well under it."

"To tell the truth," replied Mr. Bryan, ruefully gazing at his crushed hat and coat after a recent struggle through a crowd, "I'm surprised at myself." The strain must have been enormous. At every station his hands were squeezed at least 300 or 400 times, and whenever he left the train to speak from a wagon or a platform he had to push his way through the crowd before and after his speech. He was perfectly good natured about it, however, and expressed solicitude more for those women who had been severely jammed in the crowd than for himself. Fifty times he went through the handshaking process, and each time it was enough to make a man feel limp for the rest of the day. Yet upon his arrival in Chicago Mr. Bryan's step was as sprightly and his eye as bright as when he set out in the morning after a night's rest.

At each station a committee boarded the

train to accompany Mr. Bryan to the next stopping place, where they were to introduce him to the townspeople. Upon each one of these committees there was at least one man who seized Bryan's hand with great vigor and said, "I've always voted the Republican ticket, but I'm for free silver this year, and I'm working for you." In three or four instances the whole committee consisted of such men, until, finally, when a new committee arrived, Mr. Bryan turned to them laughingly and asked: "Well, gentlemen, how many of you have always voted the Republican ticket?"

One Committee's Unhappiness.

And then, strangely enough, those who answered the question felt hugely flattered by the question. One man had travelled five miles to meet the train at a small station in order to ride back with the candidate and introduce him to the crowd in waiting. So dense was the gathering at this little place, however, that by the time he had worked his way through to the edge of the crowd the train was starting, and he had barely time to catch the handrail of Mr. Bryan's car and climb upon the steps. The porter, however, had locked the door, and the poor chap was compelled to ride all the way to Carlinville on the steps of the car, holding fast for dear life. Nor was that the end of his unhappiness. When the train reached Carlinville Mr. Bryan stepped upon the platform. "Hello!" he said to the unfortunate committee of one, "Were you locked out?"

"Yes, I'm the committee from Carlinville, Mr. Bryan. You won't mind letting me introduce you, will you?"

"Certainly not," answered Mr. Bryan smilingly, "Go right ahead."

By this time a great crowd had collected, and the committee, clearing his throat and waving his arm, shouted: "Fellow citizens, I have the honor of introducing to you William Jennings Bryan, of Nebraska." At that moment the train pulled out, and in the scramble to shake hands with the candidate, the committee was almost trampled under foot. "I'm sorry for that chap," said Mr. Bryan afterward. "He was so enthusiastic over the matter."

BRYAN'S SPEECHES

How He Spoke Through Iowa and Illinois to Cheering Crowds.

Chicago, Aug. 8.—After a brief rest, hardly sufficient for recovery from the fatigue of yesterday, William Jennings Bryan rose at 3:30 o'clock this morning and at 6:50 left Des Moines over the Rock Island Railroad for Chicago. The day's programme called for the hardest work laid out by the candidate in connection with his progress to New York. The train which he selected ran on a schedule calling for a stop at every station between Des Moines and Chicago, and the short stop last night and the early rising this morning hardly left Mr. Bryan in condition for doing thirteen hours of campaign work on a summer's day.

Although the hour when Mr. Bryan departed from Des Moines was early, a considerable crowd gathered at the railway station and cheered as the train drew out. Mr. Bryan and the members of his party chartered the Pullman sleeper attached to the train, and were able to make the journey in greater comfort than yesterday, when the nominee's car was crowded most of the time.

At Altoona, eleven miles from Des Moines, where the first stop was made, a knot of people shook hands with Mr. Bryan, and at Mitchellville fully 200 were assembled to see and cheer him. General J. B. Weaver presented the nominee to the people of Colfax, his home. The people were packed in and about the station like sardines, and they pressed closely around the nominee's car as he began to address them.

First Speech at Colfax.

Unfortunately for them, the remarks which Mr. Bryan intended to deliver were cut short by the engineer, who pulled the throttle and started the train, according to



CANDIDATE BRYAN IN HIS CHARACTERISTIC MANNER AS AN ORATOR.